BEDLAM SCHOOLMAN.

Or, Some Lines made by an *Englifh* Noble Man, that was in *Bedlam*. To its own proper Tune. *Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go ?*

INTO a Melancholick *Fancie*,
Out of my ſelf;
Into the *Vulcan* dancie,
All the World ſurveying,
No where ſtaying,
Juſt like a *Fairie Elf:*
Out o're the tops of higheſt Mountains Skipping,
Out o're the Hills, the Trees, and Valleys tripping,
Out o're the Ocean Seas, without an Oare or Shipping:
Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?
Amidſt the miſty Vapours,
fain would I know,
What doth cauſe the Tapours?
Why the Clouds benight us?
And affright us;
while we travel here below?
Fain would I know what makes the roaring Thunder?
And what theſe lightnings be, that rent the clouds aſunder?
And what theſe Comets are, on which we gaze and wonder?
Holow my Fancie, &c.
Fain would I know the reaſon,
why the little *Aunt*,
All the Summer ſeaſon,
Layeth up proviſion,
Upon condition,
to know no Winters want?
And how theſe Huſe-wives that are ſo good and painful,
Do untotheir Husbands prove ſo good and gainful?
And why theſe lazie *Drons*, to them do prove diſdainful?
Holow, &c.
Ships, Ships, I will diſcrie you,
amidſt the Main;
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting.
what's your end and aim?
One goes abroad for Merchandiſe and Trading,
Another ſtayes to keep his Countrey from invading,
A Third is coming home with rich & wealth of loading.
Holow, &c,
When *I* look before me,
there I do behold,
There's none that ſees or knows me;
All the World's a gadding,
Running and madding,
none doth his ſtation hold:
He that is below invieth him that riſeth,
And he that is above, him thats below deſpiſeth,
So every Man his plot and counter-plot deviſeth.
Holow, &c.
Look, Look, what a buſling,
here I do eſpy;
Each one another juſling,
Every one turmoiling,
One another ſpoiling,
as I did paſs them by:
One ſitteth muſing in a dumpiſh Paſſion,
Another hangs his Head, becauſe he's out of faſhion,
A Third is fully bent on ſport and recreation:
Holow, &c.
Amidſt the foamie Ocean,
fain would I know,
What doth cauſe the motion,
And returning,
In its journeying?
and doth ſo ſeldom ſwerve?
And how theſe little Fiſhes, that ſwime beneath Salt water
Do never blind their Eye? Me thinks it is a matter,
An inch above the reach of *Errs Pater!*
Holow, &c.
Fain would I be reſolved,
how things are done?
And where the Bull was calved,
Of bloody *Falaris*?
And where the Taylor is,
that works to the Man in the Moon?
Fain would I know how *Cupid* aims ſo rightly?
And how theſe little *Fairies* do dance and leap ſo lightly?
And where fair *Cynthia* makes her ambles nightly?
Holow, &c.
In conceit like *Phaeton*,
I'll mount *Phœbus* Chaire!
Having ne're a Hat on,
All my Hair's a burning,
In my journeying,
hurrying through the Air!
Fain would I hear his fiery Horſes neighing!
And ſee how they on foamy Bitts are playing!
All the Stars and Planets I will be ſurveying!
Holow, &c.
O from what ground of Nature,
Doth the *Pelican*,
That ſelf devouring creature,
Prove ſo froward,
And untoward,
her Vitals for to ſtrain!
And why the ſubtile *Fox*, while in deaths wounds is lying,
Doth not lament his pangs, by howling and by crying?
And why the milk white Swan doth ſing when ſhe's a dying.
Holow, &c.
Fain would I conclude this,
at leaſt make an eſſay,
What ſimilitude is,
Why Fowls of a feather,
Do flock and fly together
and *Lambs* know Beaſtes of prey?
How Natures *Alchymiſts*, theſe ſmall laborious creatures,
Acknowledge ſtill a Prince in ordering their matters,
And ſuffers none to live, who ſlothing loſe their Features?
Holow, &c.
I'm rapt with admiration,
when I do ruminate,
Men of one Occupation,
How each one calls him Brother,
Yet each invieth other,
and yet ſtill intimate;
Yea, I admire to ſee, ſome *Natives* farther ſundred,
Then *Antipodes* to us, is it not to be wondred,
In Myriads ye'll find of one Mind ſcarce an hundred!
Holow, &c.
What multitude of notions
doth perturb my Pate,
Conſidering the motions,
How Heavens they are preſerved!
And this World ſerved,
in Moiſture, Light and Heat!
If one Spirit ſits the outmoſt Circle turning,
Or if one turns another continuing in journeying?
If Rapids circles motion be that which they call burning?
Holow, &c.
Fain alſo would I prove this,
by conſidering,
What that which you call love is?
Whither it be a Folly,
Or a Melancholy,
or ſome Heroick thing!
Fain would I have it proved, by one whom *Love* hath wounded
And fully upon one their deſire hath founded,
That nothing els could pleaſe them tho the World were rounded!
Holow, &c.
To know this Worlds Center,
Height, Depth, Breadth, and Length,
Fain would I adventure,
To ſearch the hid attractions,
Of Magnetick actions,
And Adamantick ſtrength!
Fain would I know if in ſome lofty Mountain,
Where the *Moon* ſojourns, if there be Trees or Fountain?
If there be Beaſts of prey? or yet be fields to hunt in?
Holow, &c.
Fain would I have it tried,
by Experiments,
By none can be denied;
If in this bulk of Nature,
There be voids leſs or greater,
or all remains compleat?
Fain would I know if Beaſts have any Reaſon?
If *Falcons* killing *Eagles*, do commit a treaſon?
If fear of Winters want, makes *Swallowes* fly the ſeaſon?
Holow, &c.
Holow my *Fancie*, holow,
ſtay thou at home with me,
I can thee no longer follow,
Thou haſt betray'd me,
And bewray'd me;
it is too much for thee.
Stay, ſtay at home with me, leave off thy lofty ſoaring,
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring:
For he that goes abroad layes little up in ſtoring:
thou's welcome home my *Fancie*, welcome home to me.

FINIS.